





Gc  
929.2  
D2479h  
2014921

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL  
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

LL



3 1833 01204 4332





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2018



Anne Hemphill Herbert



PERSONAL MEMORIES  
*of the*  
DARLINGTON FAMILY  
AT GUYASUTA

ANNE HEMPHILL HERBERT

1949

012

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS

78 8292 8



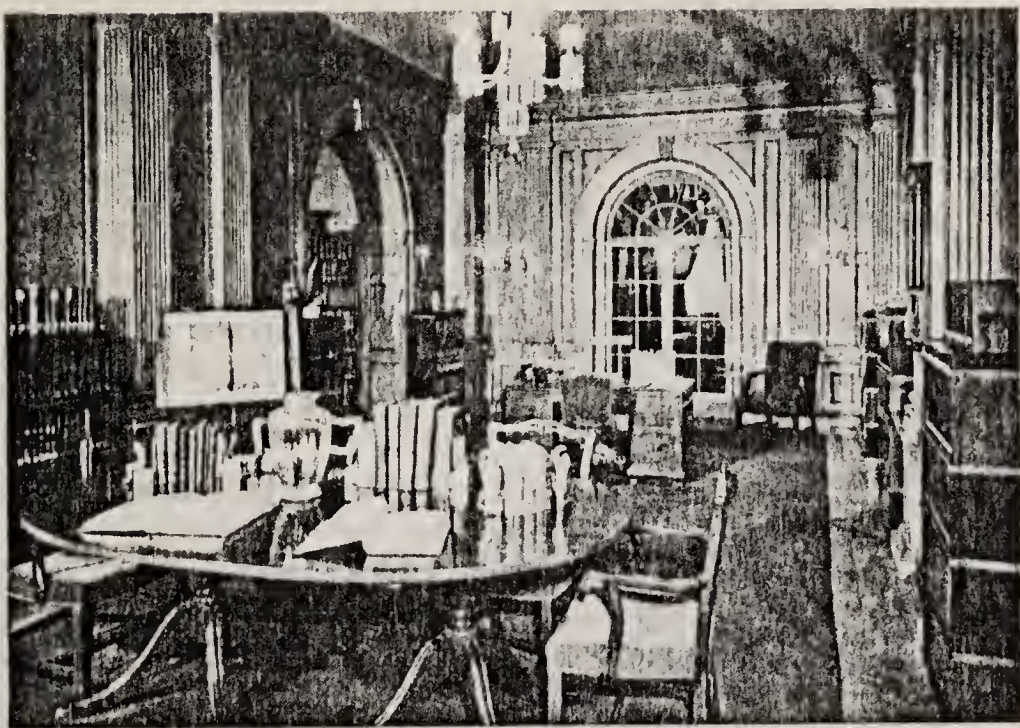


2014921

COPYRIGHT 1949  
BY UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS  
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Rec'd Sept 20-1978





*The Darlington Memorial Library, University of Pittsburgh*

FOR the students who use the Darlington Library—of this generation and of the generations to come—for the many who will browse among its books and learn therein the early history of our beloved United States, I would paint a picture of the home life of the Darlington family.

The two daughters, Mary and Edith, bequeathed the library to the University of Pittsburgh in memory of their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William McCullough Darlington. Perchance the library will take on new significance for the students, value more intimate, as they read of the richness of character, the uprightness, and the integrity of this cultured family.

The library was built around the Darlington family interests: the early history of Pennsylvania, especially of the western part of the state; its flora and fauna; the early literature of our nation; and the first editions of many writers, English and American. These were the







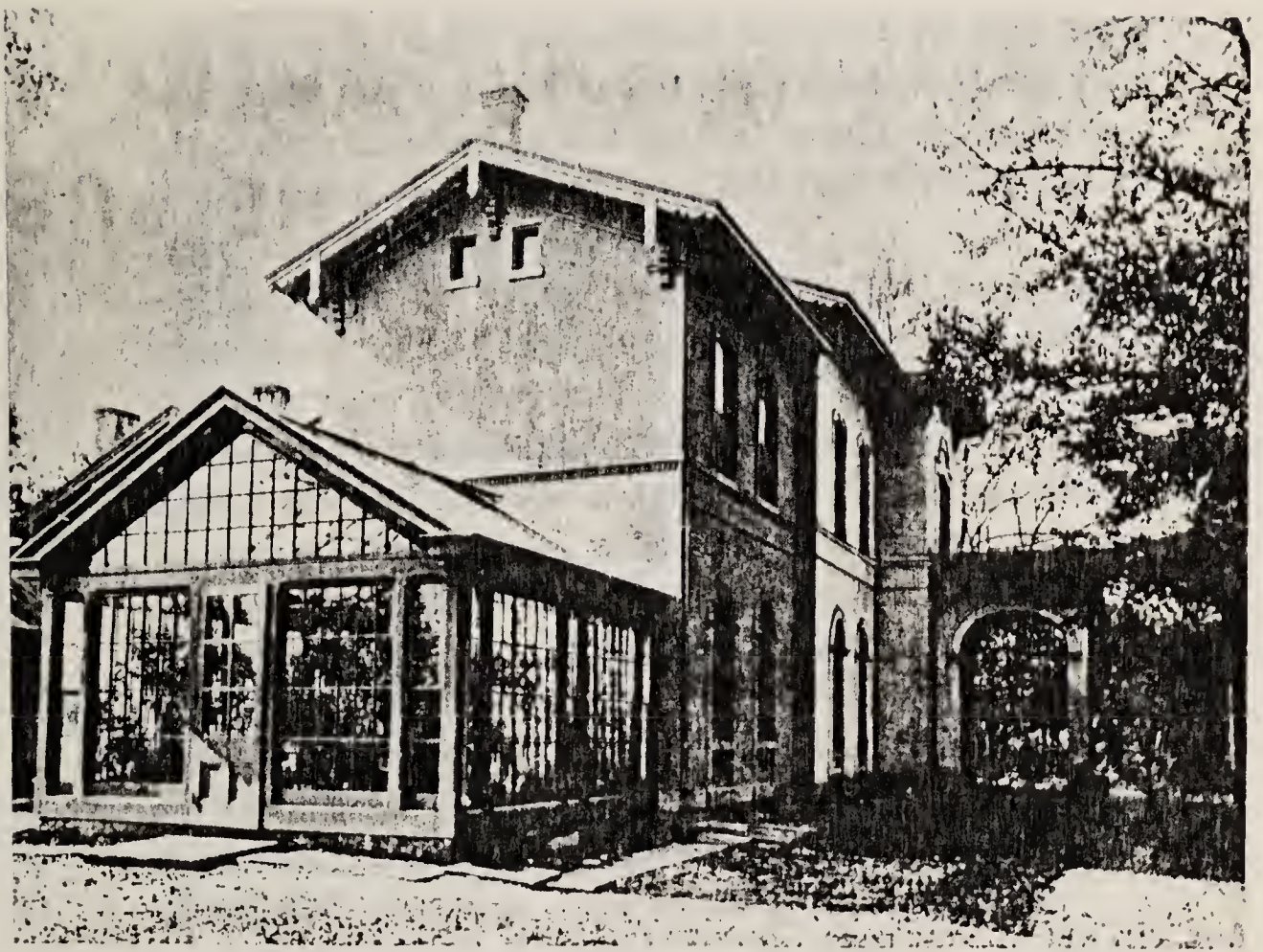
*Veranda at Guyasuta, family home of the William McCullough Darlington*

food of lively family discourse for the Darlington, in their daily association, one with another.

The home of which I shall endeavor to tell, from my personal and intimate relation with it, was built in Civil War days. But, Civil War days are as a mere yesterday to the history of the family. Mrs. Darlington could trace her ancestry back to 1346. She was the granddaughter of General James O'Hara of Revolutionary fame. General O'Hara bought his land from the United States government in 1793. The government had bought it from the Indians, years earlier, for use of the Continental army. When the army did not need it any longer the government sold it to







*The conservatory—door in roof for the century plant*

General O'Hara, who used it for a hunting ground. For many years an ample lodge was the sole evidence of civilization to be found in the district. It was General O'Hara who named the place *Guyasuta*, to commemorate an Indian chief of the tribe from whom the land was purchased.

My sister and I as children spent the greater part of each summer at *Guyasuta*. Our own home was in the city of Allegheny, eight miles west. We lived with our grandmother, Mrs. James M. Hemphill, in her lovely brick house in Allegheny, now the Northside of Pittsburgh. Our mother, Annie Hemphill Herbert, died when I was born, and our father died fourteen





months later. A few days before his death he gave my sister and me to our Grandmother Hemphill, for he knew she cherished us and that we would be reared as her own and with all the love and care her Christian home could bestow upon us.

Blessed, blessed Grandmother Hemphill! No legacy came with us children but she considered us added riches and joy in her family.

The Darlington and the Hemphills were lifelong family friends, for the daughters of each family had been very close while they attended school at the Pittsburgh Female College.

My sister was named for Edith Darlington, and as Edith Darlington had many other namesakes, her intimate friends called her "Darling," an abbreviation of her family name and a true term of endearment combined. "Darling" is the name by which we speak of Edith Darlington, even to the present day.

#### FAMILY HISTORY

As I stand in the high tower of the Cathedral of Learning of the University of Pittsburgh and look out upon the vista before me, the vista of the physical sight and the vista of the long-ago memories which crowd my thoughts, I realize indeed that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

I have only just come from the Darlington Library on the sixth floor of this magnificent building, and fresh in my thought is the history of the Darlington family and their forefathers, as we heard it talked over, again and again, in *Guyasuta* days.

Many more than a hundred years have passed since General James O'Hara, the paternal grandfather of Mrs. Darlington, departed this life. If he could stand







*Edith Darlington Herbert and Anne Hemphill Herbert, the author, at Edith Darlington's wedding*

beside me here what strange tales we could relate, one to another--Pittsburgh tales of romance, adventure, industry, and progress. I should have to familiarize General O'Hara with his own land, for a miraculous change has taken place since he went from this place



he loved, although the topography of the land—the hills, the river, and the valley of his Pittsburgh—remain as of yore.

This tall building stands on ground which belonged to General O'Hara; Schenley Park and the Schenley Hotel, on property which his granddaughter, Mary Croghan Schenley, inherited from him. Looking west from these high windows I see the waters of the Allegheny and the Monongahela Rivers as they join together at the Point and form the mighty Ohio River. It was on the south bank of this river General O'Hara built the first glass works ever to be developed in America, and thus made Pittsburgh known in all parts of the world. Young Pittsburgh known in all parts of the world! The new nation itself was only twenty-one years old, yet Pittsburgh by the initiative and ability of James O'Hara was known in all parts of the world.

All over the city—to the north, south, east, and west—business buildings rise on land which James O'Hara owned. For when the town of Pittsburgh was laid out James O'Hara bought property in every direction, so that whichever way the town progressed he would own land.

James O'Hara had come to America from his home in County Mayo in 1772, when he was a lad twenty years of age. He was a descendant of Lord Tyrawly who could trace his ancestry back to 1346. The coat of arms of the O'Hara family was a vert on a pale radiant or a lion rampant sable. Their motto was "Try." General O'Hara always kept this coat of arms hanging in his house in Pittsburgh.

Lord Tyrawly gave James O'Hara a commission as an ensign in the famous Coldstream Guards, where he





gained the military knowledge which stood him in good stead in later years in America. But O'Hara preferred a different way of life and he entered a shipbroker's office in Liverpool to learn business methods, too, before he came to America.

James O'Hara settled in Philadelphia until he could learn where the best opportunities were to be found in this new country. It was here he met the charming and beautiful Mary Carson whom eighteen years later he wooed and married.

James O'Hara was a handsome, healthy lad, popular with his friends and easy of approach. He had been educated at the College of St. Sulpice in Paris; he could speak French fluently as well as his native English; and after coming to the States he had acquired fluency in much of the Indian dialect. Two years after he arrived in this country he was appointed government agent to deal with the Indians.

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he volunteered as a private, then later equipped a company of volunteers and was elected captain. Many of his company were killed in frontier service, and the remainder joined George Rogers Clark during the expedition to Vincennes. Later, his company was with Daniel Broadhead's command, and after a time, because of his efficient service, O'Hara was made commissary at the army hospital at Carlisle.

With a legacy which he had received before he left England from his cousin, Lady Mary O'Hara, he established himself in Pittsburgh. He had decided that it was a place of unlimited opportunities and best suited to his training, experience, and inclination. He entered, first, into partnership with Devereux Smith and Ephraim Douglas in trade with the Indians.





In 1788 General O'Hara was appointed a director in the Bank of Pennsylvania. General John Wilkins was the first president of the bank and General O'Hara was the second president.

A large number of the prominent men of Pittsburgh had been army officers and they now became directors of the bank, trustees, academy directors, and church officials.

In 1792, General George Washington appointed James O'Hara Quarter Master General of the United States Army.

James O'Hara served during the "Whiskey Rebellion" and with General Wayne's expedition against the Indians. He is credited with "saving the army" by his efficient business methods and remarkable understanding of the Indian character and their various dialects.

After the Revolution General O'Hara became more actively engaged in business, filling large contracts with the U.S. government for supplies to the army in the West.

The name of General O'Hara is synonymous with the early history of Pittsburgh. He was its first burgess. A keen business man, he was a ship builder and merchant by trade and also a pioneer in the production of glass in America.

In 1797, in partnership with Major Isaac Craig he erected the first glassworks in America where coal was used as fuel, for the first time in history. The glassworks was a stone building on the south side of the Monongahela River almost opposite the Point. Peter William Eichbaum came from Germany to be superintendent. Green glass bottles were made in this factory. In a note found after General O'Hara's death we read,



“To-day we made the first glass bottle at a cost of 30,000 dollars”!

General O'Hara arranged to have salt brought to Pittsburgh at lower cost. Formerly it had been brought over the mountains by mule pack. He had it brought by boat and team.

As early as 1805, General O'Hara, in partnership with General John Wilkins, had vessels built for river trade and ocean travel. The “General Butler” sailed down the Ohio with a cargo of glass and at Natchez took on a cargo of cotton for Liverpool. On her return voyage she carried cargoes of goods for Philadelphia and New Orleans. There was great surprise in Liverpool when it became known that inland Pittsburgh was a seaport.

In 1790, James O'Hara had married the beautiful Mary Carson of Philadelphia, and he brought her across the mountains in an ox cart to a new home in King's Artillery Gardens, where all army officers lived. Their first house was made of logs, but O'Hara's bride brought with her many luxuries wholly unknown to the people of this far western part of the state. Her beautiful rugs and fine furniture made the O'Hara home the best furnished house in Pittsburgh. Indeed, the town people thought her fine rugs were coverlets and wondered at their being placed on the floor. People came from far and near to see and all were made welcome.

The second home of this popular and esteemed couple was on Water Street, a very fashionable district of the town. It was called *Springfield*. *Springfield* had sixty acres of ground and commanded a fine view of the Point, the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela Rivers. In later years the O'Hara's built







*Grandmother Hemphill and Anne Hemphill Herbert at  
Guyasuta*





*Guyasuta*, where Mrs. O'Hara spent the last years of her life.

General O'Hara was one of the founders of the First Presbyterian Church, and at his death he was buried in the graveyard at the side of the church. Later his remains were removed to the family plot in the Allegheny Cemetery.

General O'Hara died December 21st, 1819, at the early age of 67. Mrs. O'Hara died April 8th, 1834, at the age of 73, fifteen years after her beloved husband.

They had three sons. Their granddaughter (child of their son Richard), Mary Carson O'Hara, married William McCullough Darlington. It was she and her husband and children who lived on her ancestral estate, *Guyasuta*.

We heard, too, about Mr. Darlington's ancestry. His father, Benjamin Darlington, was the third generation of Darlingtons in this country. The first Darlington came to America from England in 1711 and joined the Society of Friends.

Benjamin, when a boy, apprenticed himself to a carpenter. In his early years he worked in a store on Market Street and assembled the capital to invest in a business in the western town of opportunities, Pittsburgh. Here he kept a hardware store and married twice. His first wife, Agnes McCullough, was William Darlington's mother; his second wife was the daughter of Judge James Addison. William Darlington's parents encouraged their son in his studious interests, fostered his love of books and his curiosity about the planting of civilization in North America.

Such was the background of the Darlington family—a background they and their friends respected and a culture they tried to emulate and foster.





## HISTORY OF GUYASUTA

The two hundred and thirty-five acres of fertile land which comprised the original O'Hara estate of *Guyasuta* are on a bluff on the north side of the Allegheny River, a few miles northeast of Pittsburgh, between Sharpsburg and Aspinwall.

The estate took its name from Guyasuta, chief of the Seneca tribe of Indians, friend of early colonist and trader in this part of the new world. This was his domain; these hills and the waters of the Allegheny were his hunting ground. Guyasuta was active in many scouting parties; he accompanied Washington as guide in 1753; he attended the peace-signing treaty at Niagara; and in his declining years General James O'Hara gave him a home where the happiest years of his life had been spent.

(Guyasuta though named chief of the Seneca Indians, was probably of the mongrel Iroquois known as Mingoes who inhabited the Allegheny Valley.)

Guyasuta died in 1803. General O'Hara had him buried at *Guyasuta* on the land he loved. His grave was in the large field to the left of the main driveway leading to the house. Two tall trees, one on either side of the grave, marked his last resting place. When the estate was sold to the Pennsylvania Railroad, Guyasuta's bones and the bones of other Indians buried there were placed in Pittsburgh's Carnegie Museum.

The nineteen acres of ground which once were the home site of the Darlingtones can be located readily by the two bridges which span the river in this district. The Sharpsburg bridge bounds the west end and the bridge beyond to the east fairly well designates the east end of the old home property.



*Guyasuta* was sold finally to the Pennsylvania Railroad. They wanted the land in their expansion program and had tried for years to get it and in every possible way. Mrs. Darlington would never sell. She contested their assault, fought their plans through the courts, and won the right to keep her land. She loved the home and the surrounding estate with an intense devotion. Her valiant efforts to retain the place kept *Guyasuta* her home as long as she lived. Her son, O'Hara, died at *Guyasuta*, in 1916, one year after the death of his mother.

Three years after Mrs. Darlington's death the Pennsylvania Railroad bought the property from the two daughters, Mary Carson O'Hara Darlington and Edith (Mrs. Samuel A. Ammon).

#### PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF GUYASUTA

In my childhood days, when a trip to *Guyasuta* had been planned, we were so eager to get there that a surrounding world of glamour enveloped all preparation for the trip. First, we had to go to the station to board the train. And so, eager as I am to recount the beauties of the Darlington country estate, its history and the many happy memories I retain of it, there are pleasant memories of the trip up to *Guyasuta* that I should record first.

The West Penn Station, where we started on the trip, was situated on Federal Street. It was discarded long ago. No evidence of it or of that railroad remain. The station stood opposite and a little below the site of the present Fort Wayne Station, where at that time stood an older Fort Wayne Station building.

The West Penn Station was a small frame building, only two steps up from the street. Rattan benches jutted from three sides of the walls of the square main





waiting room. There was a marble-topped heater in the center of the room and there were two ticket windows opposite one another at the right center. Beyond them was the men's smoking room, a room into which we children dared not venture to peep.

Mr. Matthew Wiley, the station master, an elongated Santa Claus in appearance, was tall and slender. He had fine dark eyes, a long white beard, and a most kindly manner. He was a person of intense interest to Edith and me. For Grandma had told us that his wife was formerly the wife of Stephen Foster, the bard of world famous songs. Visions of our favorite "Old Dog Tray" would rise up before us when we saw Mr. Wiley. Maybe right now Old Dog Tray might be trotting around the station somewhere. Perhaps Old Black Joe was sitting in the baggage room singing while he waited for the train to take him to his Old Kentucky Home and the Swanee River Far Away.

On the trip up to *Guyasuta* the train passed the Heinz pickle factory with its appetizing smell, and certain other places where disagreeable odors had to be endured. These probably came from the Walker soap factory and the Flaccus tannery, both industrial plants in the district. Then the train sped on through Etna and Sharpsburg, passed the glass bottle works adjacent to *Guyasuta*, and very soon we reached our destination.

The train stop at *Guyasuta* was solely for the Darlington estate. All around lay its beautiful fields, woods, and hills. The station shed I envisage in romance, for I recall how on a snowy winter's night gay parties of departing guests would wait while Mr. O'Hara or one of the retainers stood away from the others at the station to flag the train rounding the



curve at the east, brandishing or waving a long twisted mass of burning newspaper with which to signal the stop. I remember vividly how the light from the burning paper cast weird flickering shadows round about on the white snow that covered the landscape, making the departing friends seem as dancing gnomes and witches fantastically scurrying to board the train amid the brilliant sparks of fire from the monstrous locomotive, which shrilled, impatient to be on its way.

About two hundred feet back from the station was the main driveway to the house. The road, a rich black earth one, had a flagstone walk to the right, and magnificent oak trees bordering either side, their arched branches providing ample shade from the summer sun.

One could see the house in the distance. It was brick, painted white—Victorian in style of architecture and with a center porte-cochère. To the right of the porte-cochère was a porch, only one step up from the stone walk in front of it, with the full-length windows of Mr. Darlington's office for its background. To the left of the entrance were the windows of the dining room. Beyond them, the sunroom windows, and then the small conservatory at the east end of the front view of the house.

#### THE FAMILY

Before we cross in memory the threshold of this home let us pause and acquaint ourselves with the various members of the family. They were Mr. and Mrs. William McCullough Darlington, the gracious and hospitable owners of *Guyasuta*, a most congenial couple, well suited to one another by education,





breeding, and the mutual respect and deep abiding regard they had for each other. Their three children were a constant joy and gratification to them. O'Hara, the son and oldest child, was like his father a scholar and a constant student. There were two daughters, Mary Carson, the older, named for her maternal great-grandmother, and Edith Dennison, named for her paternal grandmother (she bore the popular synonym of "Darling"). Another son, Hillborn, had died many years before.

The family was highly esteemed and respected, not only in the outlying districts of *Guyasuta* and the adjacent city of Pittsburgh, but in many parts of the United States and in various countries abroad. For the entire family had traveled extensively, collecting often on these trips the books and manuscripts of their wonderful library.

Mr. and Mrs. Darlington with their children made their first trip to Europe in 1872. At this time they traveled on the Continent and in England and were away from home several months. The second trip the family made together was in 1881 when they were abroad for one year and visited most of the countries of the world.

#### MR. DARLINGTON

Mr. Darlington was an attorney of marked ability. He was always a student. Besides practicing law Mr. Darlington wrote and published several books on American pioneer days. Modest and retiring in disposition, Mr. Darlington loved nature, and the study of botany was one of his chief diversions. Evidence of this hobby and delight of his was found in the large greenhouse and in the small conservatory which





*Painting and music and writing were family interests at Guyasuta*

adjoined the house. In 1856 Mr. Darlington retired from the practice of law and devoted himself to travel, study, writing, and the duties of citizenship. His last public appearance was in 1889 when he accepted the Allegheny County Court House on behalf of the people of Allegheny County. The last two years of Mr. Darlington's life were spent in semi-invalidism from stomach trouble. At his death, on September 28, 1889, the Allegheny County Bar Association lost its oldest associate member, a man beloved, honored, and respected by all with whom he came in contact.







During our early visits to *Guyasuta* Mr. Darlington was living. He was very fond of us children and loved to have us near him. We have pictures of him standing close beside us at one of the numerous parties Darling always gave for us in the summertime. My most vivid memories of life at *Guyasuta*, however, are of Mrs. Darlington at one end of the dining-room table and Mr. O'Hara in his father's place at the other. My sister and I were early taught to revere the memory of Mr. Darlington and to value the privilege of having known him.

#### MRS. DARLINGTON

It is with the utmost pleasure I recall Mrs. Darlington at the time of life at which I knew her. She was a pleasant elderly lady with an exceptionally keen mind and attractive appearance. She was tiny of stature; her features were finely cut; her eyes were small but full of fire and twinkle. Her manner was gentle and her appearance most winsome. She dressed in soft black dresses with white lace collars and cuffs. Upon her head she wore a soft white lace cap with a black bow on it. Her eyes would sparkle with laughter, or blaze with righteous indignation. Mrs. Darlington could speak and read Spanish, German, French, and Italian, and she was a rhetorician of marked ability in English.

At the time of Mr. Darlington's death he was compiling a history of Fort Pitt. Mrs. Darlington considered it a labor of love as well as a duty to finish it. This she did and had it published.

Mrs. Darlington did most of her writing in Mr. Darlington's study. An article of hers in which she recorded the names and deeds of all the Revolutionary



War officers who died in Pittsburgh created so much interest that a tablet with these heroes' names thereon was erected on the stone wall of the First Presbyterian Church, where one may see it today. Many of these officers are in the burying ground in the churchyard.

One of Mrs. Darlington's favorite studies was genealogy. She could trace her family tree back to 1346, and she was indefatigable in her efforts to help others trace their family lineage. Many members of the Daughters of the American Revolution owe their membership in this organization to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Darlington in their behalf. Mrs. Darlington herself was an honorary member of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

One day in the office Mrs. Darlington asked me if I would read the morning newspaper to her. Now to read the morning news was something I seldom did, for as a child I loved to play with my dolls rather than read. I endeavored, however, to do at once as she requested, and after I had read the headlines of several articles to find one to her liking, I read it stumbly to her. When I had finished she told me that if I would read the morning paper each day for a month, she would reward me with a gift. I did as she requested, under family insistence no doubt, and was rewarded for my efforts with a lovely bedroom clock. This gift quite naturally led to more adeptness for me in another skill—telling the time of day.

#### THE CHILDREN

Mr. O'Hara, as we children called him, the only son, had like his father, a quiet retiring disposition. He was a profound scholar of history, botany, and





literature. He had many editions of valuable books. His first editions of Dickens' novels were among the most treasured. They are still in the library.

When a child, O'Hara attended private schools and then went to the Western University of Pennsylvania, now the University of Pittsburgh. He was graduated with honors from Yale, in 1871, and then had a year of travel in Europe. While abroad, O'Hara collected many historical relics.

Mr. O'Hara took a keen interest in athletics. He was skilled in the sports of hunting, swimming, and tennis. An ardent baseball fan, he could name the best players on the professional teams for years past.

Like so many other country gentlemen of his day, Mr. O'Hara enjoyed horseback riding. His favorite horse, Dick, lived to be 43 years old. In 1905 the following notice appeared in a Pittsburgh morning newspaper, "Dick, oldest horse in Allegheny County, died today. Dick was 43 years old. His owner, O'Hara Darlington of *Guyasuta*, will have him buried on the estate in an especially made coffin."

Mary Carson, or Minnie, as her intimate friends called her, had a quiet, reserved nature. She did not make friends as quickly as her sister, but those she made were lifelong and loyal ones. Miss Minnie, as my sister Edith and I always called her, was quite artistic and studied at the Pittsburgh School of Design and belonged to an art club. This group of artists would often come to *Guyasuta* woods and the many other spots of beauty on the estate.

Miss Minnie was rather tall and thin. Her eyes were small and she blinked in a noticeable way. Her hair was black and grew low on her forehead. She had a pleasing speaking voice and was always gentle and



most loving with us children. She played the harp and a good game of tennis. She never married, and lived at *Guyasuta* until the last few years of her life. When the estate was sold, the two sisters bought a lovely large house in the East End of Pittsburgh where they lived till death claimed them.

Edith Dennison, or "Darling," as all those who loved her called her, was the keen-witted, gay member of the family. She had many friends of all ages. Darling was not especially pretty, I have heard people say. She had rather high cheek bones and a dark complexion. Her complexion would be called sun tan now, but in those days the lily-like fair skin of the nineties was more popular for young girls. One never thought of beauty after knowing Darling. She had a brilliant mind, a pleasant speaking and singing voice; she was animated, helpful, and loyal to her friends, and much sought after by all who knew her.

Darling had great executive ability. As she grew older she attended to a large part of her mother's business affairs, and was a co-worker with her in defending *Guyasuta* against the assault of the Pennsylvania Railroad. When the City of Pittsburgh instigated proceedings for the removal of the historic Block House from its original site, Edith Darlington Ammon proved herself a most loyal daughter for the best interests of her native city by giving unstintingly of her time and talents to deny this proposal. In both of these affairs Darling's brilliancy of mind and knowledge of law were acknowledged factors in victory for the causes she sponsored. And so, when the Pittsburgh sesquicentennial was celebrated Edith Darlington Ammon was the only woman representative on the committee.





Darling was a member of the national D.A.R. and served for ten years as a Regent of the Pittsburgh chapter. The Society honored her upon two occasions, with a silver loving cup, and with a diamond-studded watch. These two gifts are now treasured at the national D.A.R. house. She was a charter member of the Twentieth Century Club and active in the Pittsburgh Historical Society.

### THE HOUSE

The gracious hospitality of the entire family made *Guyasuta* a most enjoyable place to visit. From early spring till late fall the Saturday afternoon train from the city brought young people up to play tennis or to be spectators at some scheduled game.

As you entered the large vestibule of the house, in the deeply recessed side wall, lay the croquet mallets and balls. Tennis racquets and balls were in the opposite wall recess, most conveniently at hand, as though hospitably inviting one immediately to a game of tennis or the less strenuous game of croquet.

Double doors opened into the spacious hall, which extended the entire length of the house. Double doors at the far end opened onto the long broad veranda overlooking the Allegheny River and the hills beyond and across the river. These hills are now a part of Highland Park. The lawn here reached out about four hundred feet to the bluff overlooking the river. From the bluff, to the right, we could see the city in the far distance. To the left was a beautiful view of the river winding into peaceful hills.

Mr. Darlington's office and study at the front of the house was also the room for intimate family life. I recall Mr. O'Hara standing by the fireplace, his arm resting on the broad white marble shelf of the mantle,



as he talked of books, photography, or the news of the day with his father, mother, and sister, while we children sat on low stools and played with one or more of Darling's numerous dogs, or joined in the family conversation.

The office was a large oblong room with two full-length windows facing the driveway, a bay window toward the west, and at the south wall ceiling, high book cases flanking either side of the mantle. Mr. Darlington's desk faced the fireplace. On the wall above it hung an oil painting of Mr. Darlington, the work of the artist, James R. Lambdin, which hangs now in the entrance room of the Darlington Library in the Cathedral of Learning. Chairs were grouped informally around the room. Mrs. Darlington's low couch stood in front of the antique chest in the bay window. This chest is another precious relic from the Darlington home now in the Darlington Library.

The office was Mrs. Darlington's place to work and rest and manage her household. After long hours of arduous work, Mrs. Darlington would rest for a while on the low couch in the cool of the west window, the heavy shutters of the bay window partially closed against the sun's heat yet allowing the cool river breeze to enter and soothe her with its fragrance of new-mown grass and valley lilies that grew thickly beneath.

Each morning Beck, the housekeeper at *Guyasuta*, would come to the office with her pad and pencil to learn Mrs. Darlington's wishes for the day's menu. They would discuss the needs of the larder and the care of the household, and then Mrs. Darlington would return to her desk without further concern or worry about culinary and domestic arrangements. For Beck





was a most efficient and conscientious housekeeper, whom Mrs. Darlington could trust to fulfill all duties and meet any emergencies which might arise in the running of the household.

"How many shall I prepare for at dinner tonight, Mrs. Darlington?" Beck would ask. "That I cannot tell you," Mrs. Darlington would reply laughingly. "If the weather is fair, no doubt there will be doubles at tennis and some of the young people may stay till the cool of the evening. You had better prepare for several extra guests, Beck."

Behind the office was the parlor. Two full-length windows faced the west, with a full-length mirror between them, its gold leaf frame and marble base accentuating the room's style of decoration. Rare vases and a cabinet filled with curios from many lands were most interesting features of the room. A baby grand piano stood at the south wall with a beautiful oil painting of Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair" hanging on the wall above it.

In the evening when the lamps were lighted, Darling sat at the piano singing and playing for us. Presently one of the dogs, James G. Blaine or Toto it may have been, jumped up on the cushioned chair beside the piano and began to sing. Sitting on his haunches with his head thrown far back he emitted long and doleful howls, then high staccato notes, while Darling skillfully and attentively accompanied him at the piano. We always remained quiet until he had finished and then applauded with great gusto—which certainly pleased that dog mightily.

#### OTHER ROOMS

Directly across the hall from the library were two



small rooms in which Mr. O'Hara and his sisters kept their photograph equipment and artist paraphernalia. Paper, paints, brushes, and a great number of pictures were on the shelves and in the closets.

Needless to say, these rooms held great fascination for Edith and me, for in one of them Miss Minnie kept attractive little food models, which we loved to play with on the steps of the Aladdin chair of many uses, when we played store. We were never allowed in that room though unless especially invited. No doubt experience had taught Miss Minnie that we could create havoc in a surprisingly short amount of time.

Mr. O'Hara, Miss Minnie, and Darling all belonged to the Photographic Club of Pittsburgh. O'Hara and Darling had received several prizes for their work. At times the club members would go on excursions to various parts of the state to take pictures of places of special interest and also to have a good time together over the week end.

When Miss Minnie's Art Club would come to *Guyasuta* to sketch and paint, often bringing their lunch with them, they would be gone the greater part of the day sketching and painting in the heart of *Guyasuta* woods.

This beauty spot of *Guyasuta* was across the railroad tracks from the house. On either side of the road which led back to the wooded hills were fields where the cattle grazed all day. Beyond them was the creek and woods. Wild orchids grew in profusion, in their season, on the hills.

The dining room at the front of the house and across from Mr. Darlington's office was somber in appearance. It had dark wallpaper and dark mahogany furniture. Two windows faced the north. At the east





wall over the white marble mantle hung an oil painting of General James O'Hara. Another oil painting hung at the south wall over the buffet and close to the door which led to the long passage to the kitchen. A door in this hall opened onto a stone paved court. Two paths converged here—one led to the barn; the other, to the right, passed the laundry house and the dairy house and on out to the several flower gardens and the river view.

The sunroom was reached through the east side of the dining room. It was a most cheerful room. Miss Minnie's harp stood in one corner near the lovely black tile mantle, which Miss Minnie had decorated with garlands of roses painted on it. A lavatory was next this room at the east side. A most attractive curtain made of long beads hung at the door. It had been bought in the streets of Cairo and was of great interest to Edith and me. We would shake it vigorously to hear the musical sound of the beads, as they jingled and tinkled when in motion.

The small conservatory just beyond the sunroom was Mr. Darlington's special delight. He had many rare plants there which he had collected on his trips to foreign countries and on the continent of North America. Horticulturalists from many parts of the country used to visit Mr. Darlington's greenhouses, as his specimens of certain plants were known to be among the best.

How well I recall the blooming of the Century Plant, which Mr. Darlington had brought from Mexico! This event brought people from all over the country, for century plants bloom but once a century and are therefore a rare sight. The blossoms are large yellow flowers, somewhat resembling a shrub, enlarged many







*The Darlington girls and friends in the Conservatory*

times. During flowering time the plant grew higher than the glass roof of the conservatory and an opening had to be made to allow it to extend three or four feet above the roof.

Mrs. Darlington had many of the century plant blooms chemically preserved in glass bowls and gave one of them to us. It was a rarity which we were very





glad to possess, and we displayed it on our parlor table for many years.

Darling had two alligators which she had procured in the southern part of Florida. She kept them in a low tank in one corner of the conservatory. At feeding time Darling would often hold them in her lap and let the dogs watch them eat.

There were ten dogs in the Darlington household. Smoke, the only pedigreed dog among them, belonged to Miss Minnie. Smoke had a beautiful silky deep mahogany-colored coat, a pleasure to behold. He was large and sedate and admired by everyone. Darling's nine dogs were something else, indeed. She had picked them up at various times and in various conditions. Some of them had been given to her, but each one always received her impartial care and concern. Bonnie was my favorite, but Tricksy, James G. Blaine, Toto, Pansy, Curly, Puck, Pepper, and Prince were all

*"Darling" and her many dogs, at Guyasuta*









*A gay tennis party at Guyasuta*

most welcome and respected members of the family.

The stairway leading to the second floor was good of contour. The treads were low and broad and the bannister, a rich dark wood. The large window at the turn of the stairs gave a pleasing east view of the hills and the river.

Mr. O'Hara's room was the first one to the right on the second floor. Beyond it was Miss Minnie's and Darling's room, directly across the hall from their parents' bedroom.

Across the hall from O'Hara's room was a passageway to the ell of the house. Beck, the housekeeper, had a room here, close to the room of Miss Lizzie, whom Beck nursed and cared for at any time of the day or night.





The presence of Miss Lizzie was a most disturbing element of life at *Guyasuta* for Edith and me. "What was the matter with Miss Lizzie, that she was always in bed? Why were her limbs so crooked and thin, her skin so swarthy?" We would stand in her doorway and say our morning greeting to her, then shrink away from this strange person. Two healthy, happy children eager to race to the barn to feed the colt, to chase the bantam rooster, and delve for eggs in the fresh new hay, knew nothing of the sorrow and suffering with which some lives are stricken.

Miss Lizzie had lived many years at *Guyasuta*. She was a niece of Mr. Darlington's who had been born a cripple. Mrs. Darlington gave her every comfort and most kind consideration as long as she lived.

Beck, the housekeeper, was a kindly soul. She was the daughter of good Scotch parents and had lived at *Guyasuta* for many years. Ruddy of cheek, her hair parted smoothly in the center and coiled in a small knot at the back, she made a pleasing and gracious appearance as she went about the house attending to her household duties.

Bridget, the cook and dairy maid, did not belie her Irish name or looks. Her happy smile, bright blue eyes, and strong arms soon won my heart, and I spent many happy hours in her company, watching her cook or churn butter.

Matthew, the head gardener, a native Scot, lived down the road toward Sharpsburg. He was wise in farm lore and a staunch member of the Presbyterian Church.

But for me, Frank, the coachman, was the best of all the workers on the estate. I was with him constantly, watching as he groomed the horses or fed the chickens



and ducks. Frank had a girl, and often in the morning after he had spent the previous evening in her company, he would tell me of their plans to be married.

One evening at dinner Mr. O'Hara asked me where I had been before dinner and I replied, "Out combing Frank's hair, making it slick and smooth, for he is going to see his girl." "Did you wash your hands, Anne, before coming to the table?" Mrs. Darlington asked, with a slight smile on her face. "No, why?" I replied, then rapidly continued my news of Frank and his sweetheart. "Go to the bathroom at once," Mrs. Darlington interrupted. But there was a merry twinkle in her eyes, and I heard her chuckle as I left the room, so I did not feel as chagrined as otherwise I might have felt.

#### PLEASANT MEMORIES

The grounds surrounding the house were beautiful. All the land to the right as one entered the estate had been left in its natural beauty. Of course the underbrush had been cleared away and there were footpaths for those who loved to walk among the fine old trees and search for wild flowers, early buds, or fern, and other beauties of nature so luxuriant. At quite a distance from the house one came upon a resthouse, where the view overlooking the river was inviting and pleasant. The broad benches inside the lattice-framed retreat were welcome after a tramp through the grounds. One eagerly sought an opportunity to rest and talk with companions or to daydream in solitude there.

How beautiful are the memories of childhood when one has spent them in such an environment! Pictures rise in memory before me as some work or thought is





gleaned from sermon, book, or poem. I recall the quietness under those tall and stately trees that stood just to the left of the front porch. God always seemed very close to me as I looked at them—or stood beneath their branches. The lilies of the valley that grew unmolested and profusely in the shade of the parlor windows—their fragrance is wafted to me now across the years. Purity is there and ease from the hurried crowds and the city streets.

A sense of comfort steals over me as in thought I see Matthew leading the cows home at dusk-fall. Coming in at the main gateway from the fields across the railroad tracks, he would go up the driveway a short distance then turn to the left, along the dirt lane, past the lily pond and the gently flowing fountain. We could see from the porch Bess and Boss and Clover, swishing their tails as they leisurely plodded to the barn. Sweet-smelling valley lilies and morning glories, now closed for the night, trailed the one-rail fence of the side lane. The cows were milked, then bedded in the abundant comfort of the barn.

Matthew always insisted upon milking the cows himself. He would not trust the young, inexperienced helper to do this chore. The milk was taken to the dairy house, where Bridget poured it, rich, warm, and foaming, into large shallow heavy crocks to cool. Later she skimmed the milk and then churned the rich heavy cream into butter. The large rolls of butter were always wrapped in clean linen cloths, to be carried on trays to the icehouse and stored there for later use.

The icehouse was beyond the laundry house. It was a windowless, fairly large, two-story building. The ground floor was cemented and always very cool, no matter how hot the day; for above was stored the ice



from last winter's freeze. The pond with the gently flowing fountain usually froze solid in winter and provided *Guyasuta* enough ice for the summer months.

The land to the left of the main entrance to the house was an open field, rolling in contour. There was Guyasuta's grave, a mound between two tall trees. But this field had an even greater significance for my sister Edith and me. Each weekday, near the hour of four, we would dash from the house, run across the driveway, through the flower beds, then race across the field to reach the elevated ground which overlooked the railroad tracks, for at any moment now the prison train would speed by, carrying men to the workhouse and the poor farm. Both of these institutions were about five miles beyond Guyasuta.

Edith and I would gaze in bewilderment and with curiosity at the many faces appearing at the windows of the train. Long hours were spent conjuring up stories about these men who were traveling where?

#### THE LIBRARY

2014921

The library held the greatest enchantment of all the rooms, and was the real center of family interests.

The library was beyond the parlor and on the same side of the house. Here was the room truly depicting the outstanding family characteristic, a love of books. In other rooms of the house and in the hall were cases filled with books. Mr. O'Hara had his own well-filled bookcases in his room, and Mr. Darlington had some of his most valued books in the upstairs hall close to his bedroom door.

The Darlington's collection of books was for many years the largest library west of the Allegheny mountains. Started by them more than one hundred years





ago, it contains more than 14,000 volumes of letters, journals, rare pamphlets, periodicals, and historical and literary material.

The library was the largest room in the house. It was oblong in shape and had a bay window facing the west. At the south wall, three full-length windows led onto the broad veranda overlooking the Allegheny River. The remainder of the wall space, with the exception of that occupied by the fireplace and the entrance door, was entirely taken over by bookcases built in. From the ceiling to within three feet of the floor, enclosed shelves were completely filled with books. Below the shelves were closets stocked with magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers.

The furnishings in this room were appropriate and quiet in style. A very handsome four-shelved, high, revolving book rack stood close to the large library table. Comfortable chairs were grouped informally around the room. And with the blaze from the open fireplace lending a sense of rest and relaxation to offset the somber tones of the book-lined walls, it was indeed a most inviting room in which to spend many a quiet hour reading from the master minds of the world's literature.

There was a magic chair in the library which intrigued us children by its multiple diversity of use. We called it the Aladdin chair. We would sit in this staid cane-seated chair, seemingly to verify its support, then hop down, and by lifting the seat up and over, magically would appear four sturdy steps. These steps were used to reach books on the higher shelves, but the chief use we children made of them was to play store, using the steps to display our wares. This chair is still in the library at the University.



Miss Minnie had numerous miniature trays and plates which had imitation fruit or food painted on them in natural colors. These small replicas Miss Minnie used as models for the various sketches and paintings she made as she practised her art work, for she was a student at the Pittsburgh School of Design. It was these delightfully enticing little models we loved to use as our produce when we played store.

The library is associated in my mind with a most important event, the marriage of Darling and Mr. Ammon. Darling was very popular with most everyone. Men and women, boys and girls, all enjoyed her animated personality and abundant hospitality. Naturally she had many beaux. Darling met Mr. Ammon when she was 18 years old. And just before she had her year of travel abroad, he proposed to her; but it was ten years later that she married him. The intervening years she spent in travel and social life.

The wedding of Edith Darlington and Samuel A. Ammon was a large one and of much importance in the social life of the day. There were more than three hundred guests at the home wedding. They arrived by train and carriage. Two powerful acetylene lights shone from the front porch, lighting the way from the station to the house. The house itself was brilliantly lighted and beautifully decorated with flowers and plants. In the library an aisle was formed by ribbons reaching from the door to the bay window, where an altar of much beauty was improvised.

Darling was given in marriage by her brother. She looked fragile and tiny as she came to stand beside Mr. Ammon, who was very handsome and of fine physique. There were four bridesmaids, all gowned alike in pale blue silk dresses. Miss Minnie, her honor







*"Darling" in front of the mantelpiece Miss Minnie decorated with garlands of roses*

maid, wore a pale yellow silk dress. My sister Edith wore a yellow silk dress and my dress was pale blue silk. Darling gave each of her attendants an exquisite breast pin. It was a four-leaf clover with a beautiful diamond in the center. Her initials and the date of the wedding were engraved on the back of it.



After a delightful honeymoon spent at Bermuda, the happy couple went to live at the *Kenmawr*, a fashionable residential hotel in the east end of Pittsburgh. There they resided for many years.

Life at *Guyasuta* was never the same after Darling was married and left home, for she had always been more interested in social life than her sister. Then, too, Mrs. Darlington was older and not so strong as formerly. The festive days at *Guyasuta* had come to an end.

#### CONCLUSION

These are only a few of the memories, happy and rich, that come to me often. These few memories are set down here, at random, but in the hope that if they can be shared, perhaps the library will find a new meaning for students and teachers at the University of Pittsburgh.

The *Guyasuta* homestead was torn down many years ago. Freight cars and a welter of railroad tracks occupy much of it at the present time. But I shall not, need not, say farewell to the home that is for me a storehouse of happy memories.

The books of the Darlington family are a part of the University of Pittsburgh, ready at hand for teaching and study. When students or teachers go to that library and use the Aladdin chair of many parts to reach for a book on a higher shelf or search for some bit of old history or just browse and dream, they will be in line with the Darlington tradition—a love of books and a pride in the American story.

















